

Graham, Disraeli had anticipated the course of events with curious prescience.

*To Sarah Disraeli.*

*June 4, 1834.*

There is a lull in the storm; it is supposed the session will now be hurried over quietly, and then something must be determined on. The Whigs cannot exist as a party without taking in Lord Durham, and the King will not consent to it. Durham is not in a hurry, and becomes each day more violent in his demands. Triennial Parliaments to be a Cabinet measure, and an extension of the constituency, the ballot to stand on its merits — in short, a revolution; for this must lead to a fatal collision with the House of Lords. The Tories will not take office unless the Whigs give it up in despair. My own opinion is, that in the recess the King will make an effort to try and form a Conservative Government with Peel and Stanley; but the Tories think that Durham will have his way. I fear a dissolution must be the end of it.<sup>1</sup>

Incidentally this letter reveals a growing estrangement on the part of the writer from the Radicalism of his first political campaigns: triennial Parliaments and the ballot, the nostrums which had figured so prominently in his earlier political programmes, had now come to spell 'a revolution.' Disraeli's acquaintance with Durham may have checked for a moment the progress of his conversion; but Durham's influence was soon overshadowed by the influence of another and more congenial spirit. At the end of the season, as has been seen, he had met Lord Lyndhurst, and their acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship which became a capital fact in Disraeli's life. Lyndhurst was already over sixty, but he had still nearly thirty years of life before him, and he was still in the full vigour of those splendid faculties which might have given him an even higher place among his contemporaries and in the eyes of posterity than that to which he attained, if he had only possessed in larger measure the power of inspiring confidence, which is so essential to the success of a statesman in England. But he suffered from a certain lack <sup>1</sup> *Letters*, p. 86.